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A Collection of
NEW SONGS. ^K

CONTAINING,

1. Saunders's Ghost.
2. The Golden Glove.
3. The Banks of the Dee.
4. Plato's Advice.
5. A Hunting Song.



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Broad Street.



Saunders's Ghost.

HASTE thee, Saunders! England calls
thee,

A while these blest abodes resign;
Treach'rous friends and foes conspiring,
Threat my darling son and thine!
France, exulting o'er my sorrows,
Sees with joy the threaten'd blow,
And hopes, at length, for ample vengeance
On her old and deadly foe.

Thus, with grief and sorrow pining,
Did England's Guardian Angel lay,
Where, in laurel groves reclining,
The great shade of Saunders lay:
Round him Russell, Blake, Boscawen,
Heard, well pleas'd, the chief explain,
How Keppel he had left behind him
To guard the empire of the main.

It was the hour when gentle slumbers
Seal in peace the guiltless mind;
Sir Hugh, by sleep and peace deserted,
Sir Hugh nor peace nor sleep could find:

Round his couch stood Envy gnawing,
 Pale fac'd Guilt, and black Despair;
 And Discord high her firebrand throwing,
 Cast all round a dismal glare.

Thus, in council, they sat working
 England's woe and Keppel's fate;
 Each a charge in turn preparing,
 Lengthens out the high debate:
 When two forms appear before them,
 Clad in robes of heavenly light;
 Saunders led by England's Genius,
 Burst on their astonish'd sight.

Forbear, rash man! thy horrid purpose,
 (Sternly thus the phantom said);
 Forbear, rash man! 'tis Saunders bids thee
 Revere his Keppel's honour'd head!
 Was't for this thy youth I guarded?
 Was't for this I thousand gave?
 Was't for this that Keppel spar'd thee,
 And fought thy doubtful fame to save.

Far, vain man! beyond thy malice
 Mounts my Keppel's sacred name;
 In Glory's roll it stands recorded,
 'Mongst the chiefs of deathless fame:
 Long he'll guard old England's glory,—
 Hear and envy—and then, though late,

(4)
'Midst kindred souls, while thou liest
howling,
Eternal honours on him wait.

The GOLDEN GLOVE.

A Wealthy young 'Squire, in Tamworth,
we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so dear,
And for to be married it was his intent,
All friends and relations had given their consent.
The time was appointed for the wedding day,
A young farmer was chosen their father to be:
As soon as the lady the farmer did spy,
It inflamed her heart, O, my heart! she did cry,
She turn'd from the 'Squire, and nothing she said,
Instead of being marry'd she went to her bed;
But still the young farmer run in her mind
And the way to have him she quickly did find.
Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did put on,
A hunting she went with her dog and her gun;
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she lov'd him so well.
She oftentimes fi'd, but nothing she kill'd,
At length the young farmer came into the field;
And for to discourse him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.
I thought you had been at the wedding, she cry'd,
To wait on the 'Squire, and give him his bride.

No indeed, fir. said he, if the truth I must tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well.

Suppose that the lady should grant you her love,
You know that the 'Squire your rival will prove.
Why then, said the farmer, I'll take sword in
hand,

By my courage I'll gain her, or my life's at
his command.

The lady was pleased to find him so bold,
And she gave him a glove that was flowered
with gold,

And told him she found it as she came along,
As she was hunting with her dog and her gun.

The lady went home with her heart full of love,
She gave out a speech that she had lost a glove.
And they that do find it and bring it to me,
The man that does find it my husband shall be.

The farmer was pleased at hearing the news,
With a joyful heart to the lady he goes;
Saying, honoured lady, I have found the glove,
Then will you be pleased to grant me your love?

'Tis already granted, the lady reply'd,

'Tis already granted, I will be your bride:

I'll be mistress of the dairy, and milk the cow,
While my jolly farmer is whistling at plow.

When she was married she told all fun,
How she hunted the farmer with her dog & gun,
But now I have got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare.

The Banks of the Dee.

TWAS summer, so softly the breezes
were blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung on the
tree.

At the foot of a rock where the river was
flowing,

I sat myself down on the Banks of the Dee:
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, sweetest river,
Thy banks, purest stream, are dear to me

Where I first gain'd the affection & favour
Of Jemmy the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me to
mourn.

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
And yet there's no hope of his speedy re-
turn,

To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
He's gone hapless youth! o'er those loud
roaring billows,

The kindest and sweetest of all his brave
fellows,

And has left me stray amongst these lov'd
willows

The loneliest maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet
 restore him,

Kind peace may return my dear shepherd
 to me;

And when he comes home with such care
 I'll watch o'er him,

He never shall quit the sweet Banks of the
 Dee:

The Dee then shall show on its beauties dis-
 playing,

The lambs on its banks shall again be seen
 playing,

And I & my Jenny are carefully straying,
 And tasting again of the sweets of the Dee.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS PLATO. Why should Man be vain,
 Since bounteous Heav'n has made him great;

Why looketh he with insolent Disdain,

On those undeck'd with Wealth or State?

Can costly Robes, or Beds of Down

Can all the Gems that deck the fair,

Can all the Glories of a Crown,

Give Health—or ease the Brow of Care?

The scepter'd King, the burthen'd Slave,

The Humble, and the haughty die;

The Rich, the Poor, the Base the Brave,

In Dust without Distinction lie:

Go search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest Titles wore,
 Their Wealth and Glory is best,
 And all their Honours are no more.

So flies the Meteor through the Skies,
 And fords a long, a gilded Train,
 When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
 It solves to common Air again:

So it is with us, my Jovial Souls,
 Let Friendship reign while here we stay,
 Let's crown our Joys with flowing Bowls,
 When JOVE he calls we must away.

A Hunting Song.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the
 day

And he to my woodland walks away;
 I tuck up my robe, and am baskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon;
 With hunting and shouting we pierce thro' the sky,
 While echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

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